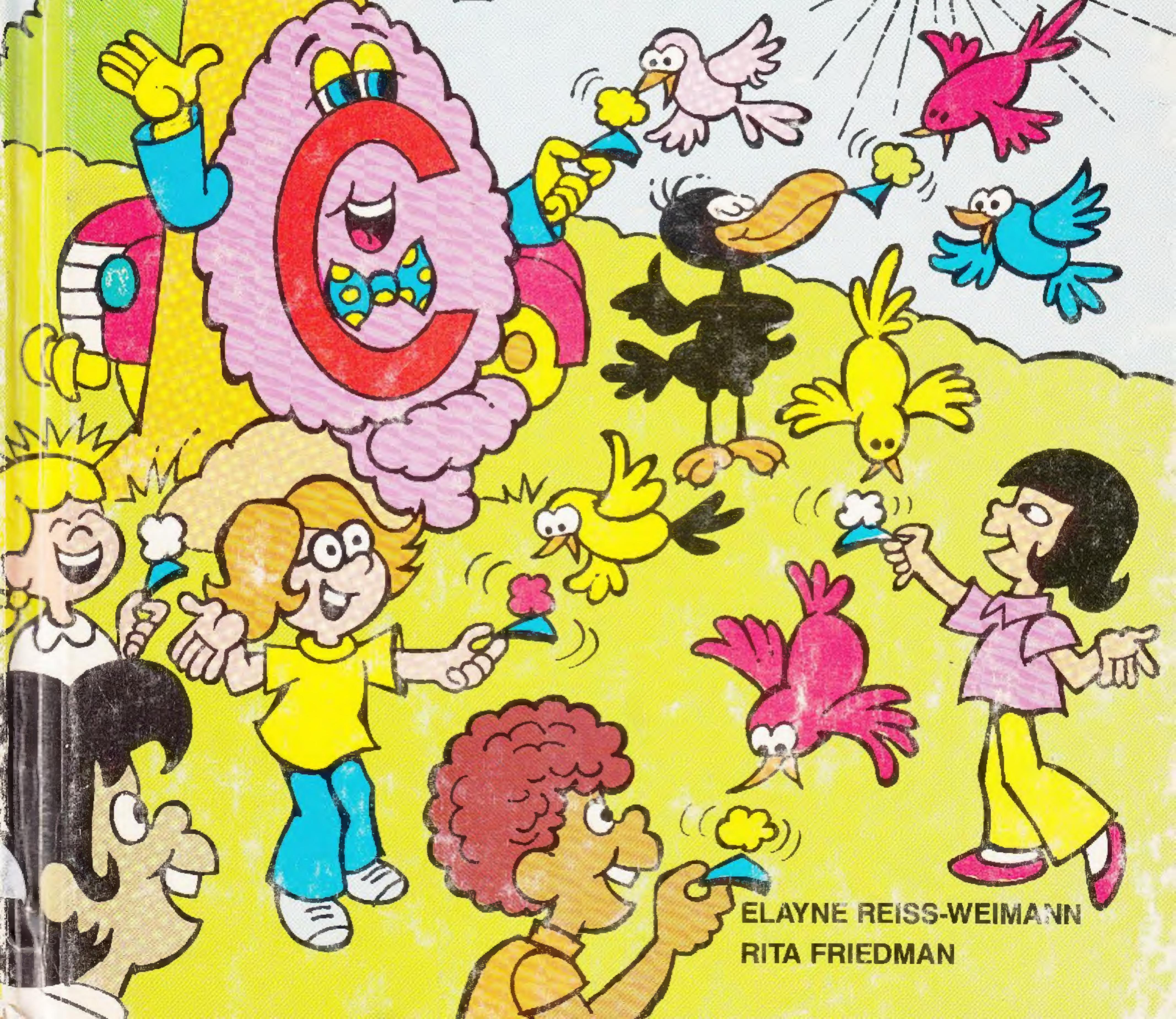
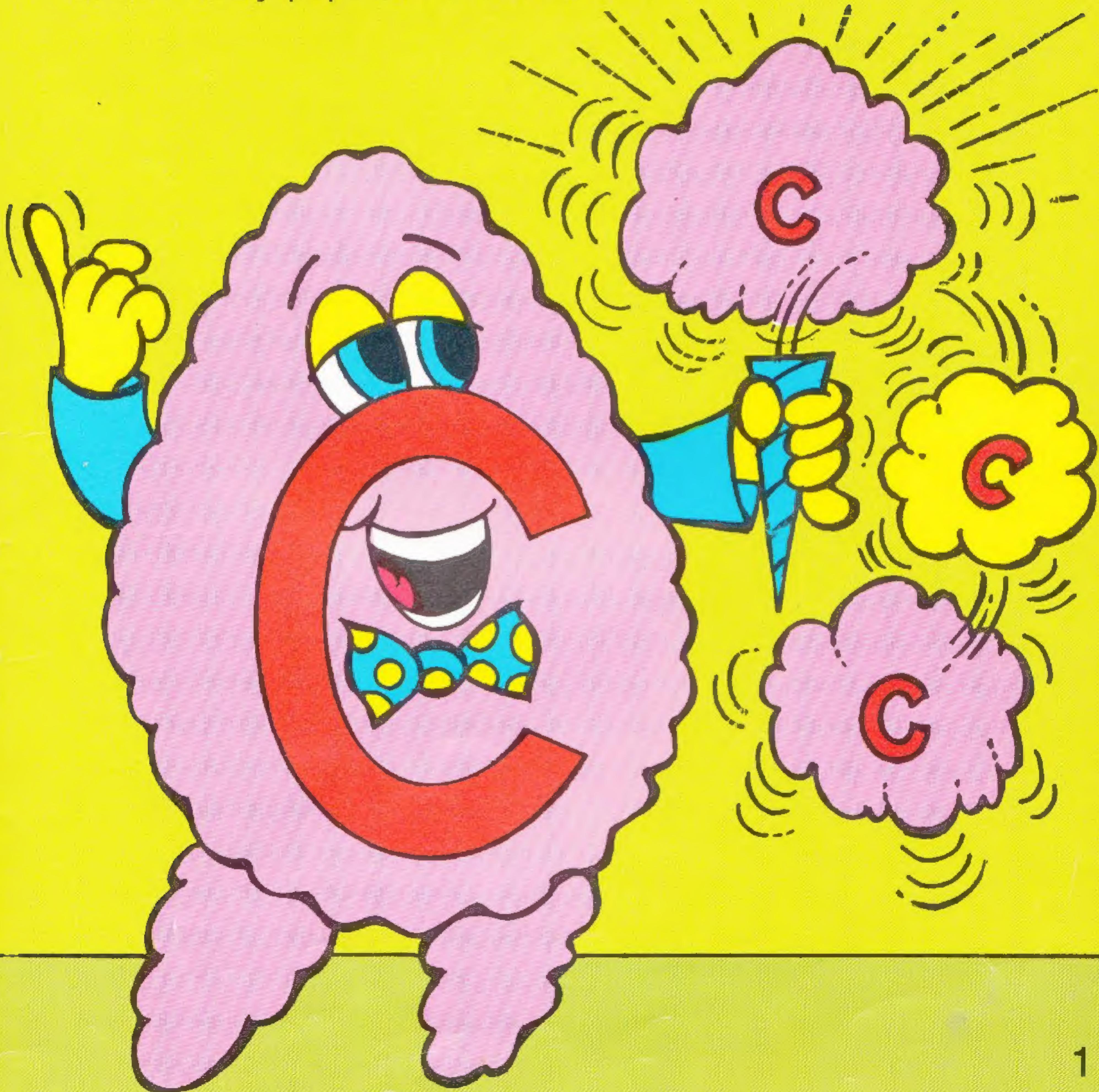


# The Cotton Candy Caper



ELAYNE REISS-WEIMANN  
RITA FRIEDMAN

Mr. C is made of cotton candy.  
He has a magical cotton-candy cone.  
Mr. C says, "Canna, canna, coo, coo."  
Cotton candy pops out of his cone.



Every day Corky Crow helps Mr. C make cotton candy for the children.

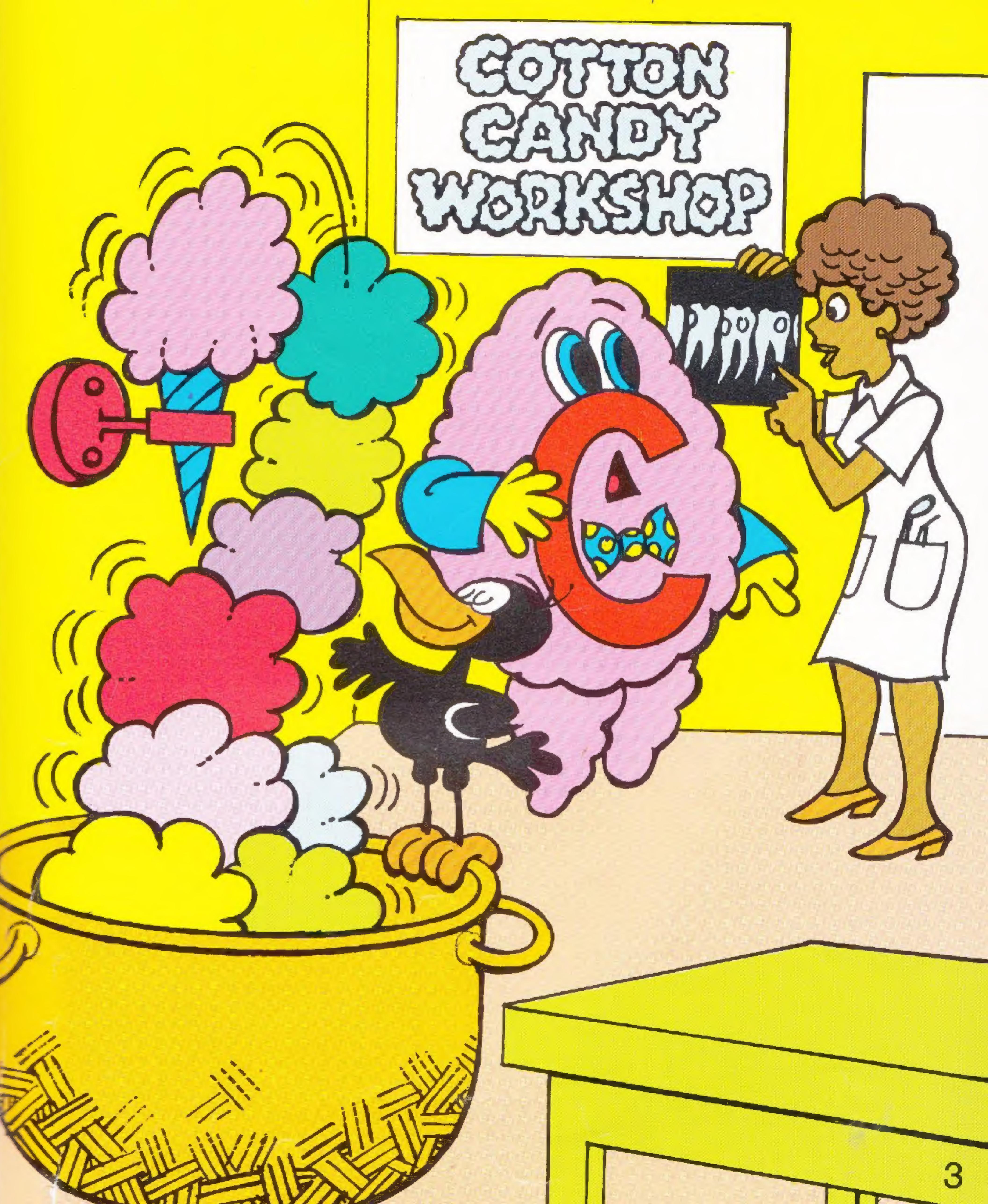
Mr. C is the only one in Letter People Land who can make cotton candy.

One day the children do not come to Mr. C's house.

Instead, Cathy the Dentist comes.

"Mr. C," she says. "I am very concerned.

All the children have cotton-candy cavities."



# COTTON CANDY WORKSHOP

Mr. C is confused.

"I didn't know cotton candy causes cavities," he says.

"Cotton candy contains too much sugar," says Cathy.

"The sugar causes cotton-candy cavities.

Can cotton candy be made without sugar?" asks Cathy.

"I cannot change the cotton candy," says Mr. C.

"It comes from my cone when I say the magic words."



"I do not want the children to get cotton-candy cavities," says Mr. C.

"There will be no more cotton candy in Letter People Land."

"Please," says Corky Crow.

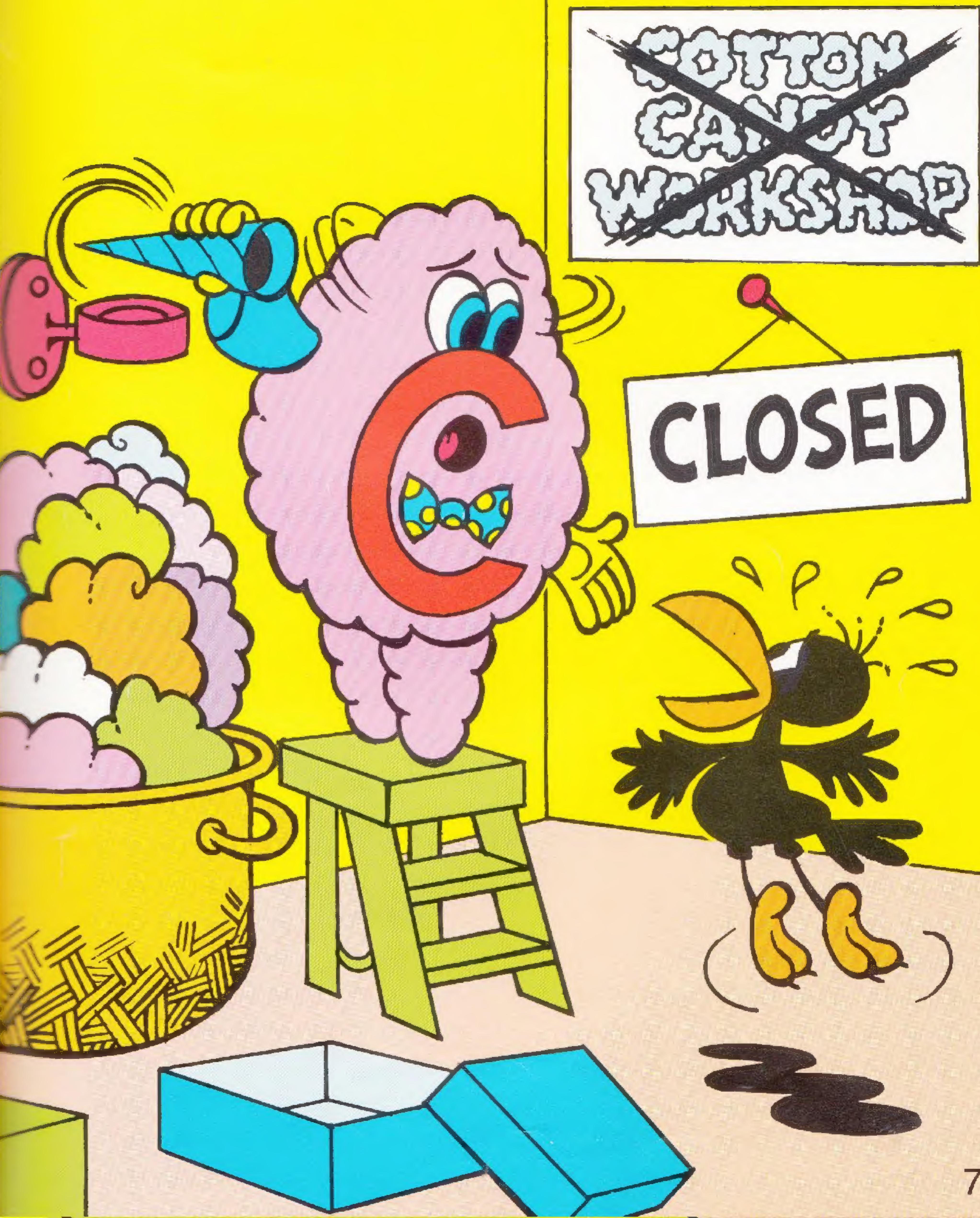
"Can't we make cotton candy for the animals?"

"No," says Mr. C. "It will be bad for their teeth, too."

"I have another idea," says Corky.

"Corky," interrupts Mr. C.

"There will be no more cotton candy in Letter People Land."



Mr. C takes his cotton-candy cone and locks it in a closet.

Corky Crow is very unhappy.

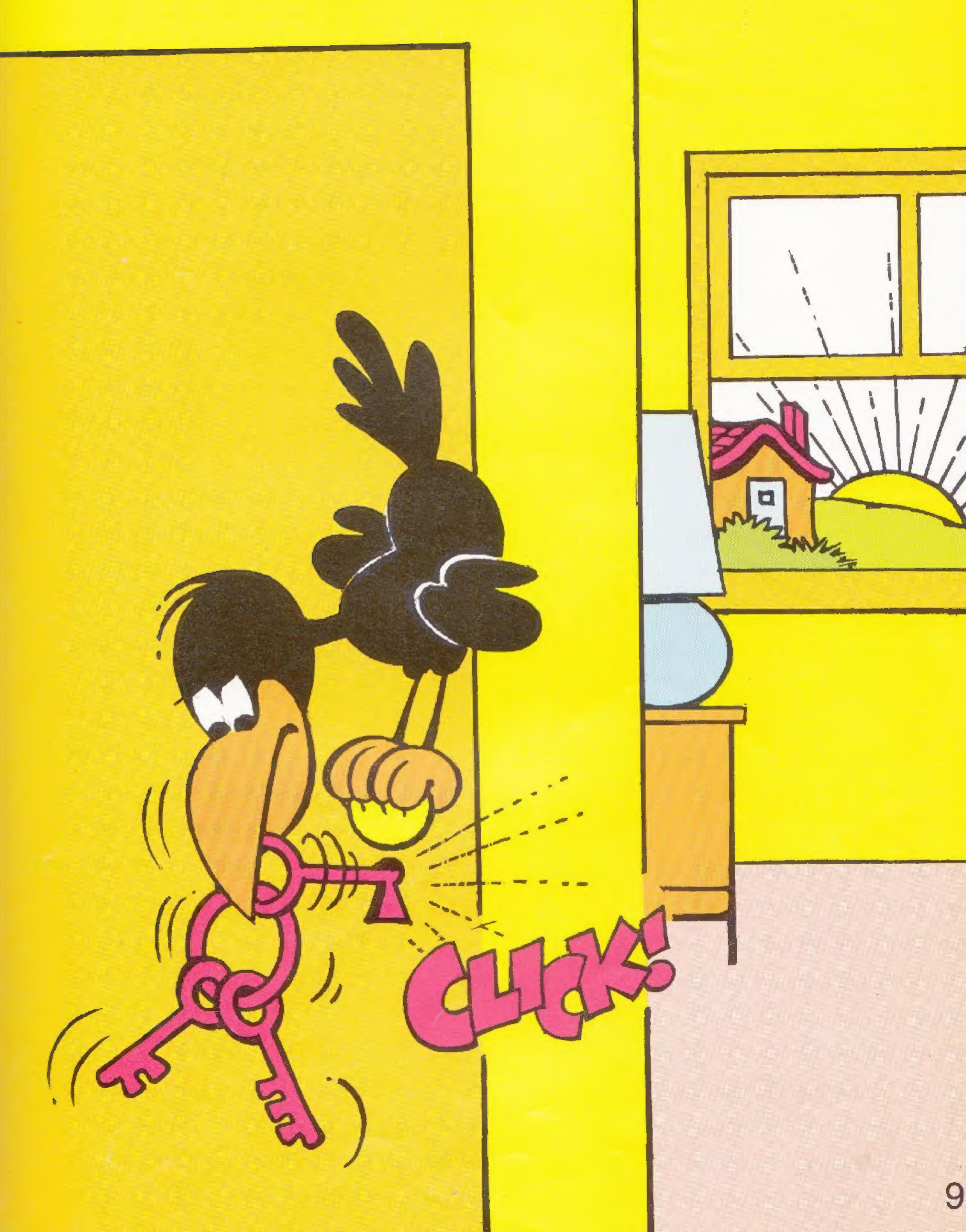
He wants to make cotton candy.

That night, after Mr. C goes to sleep, Corky Crow unlocks the closet door.

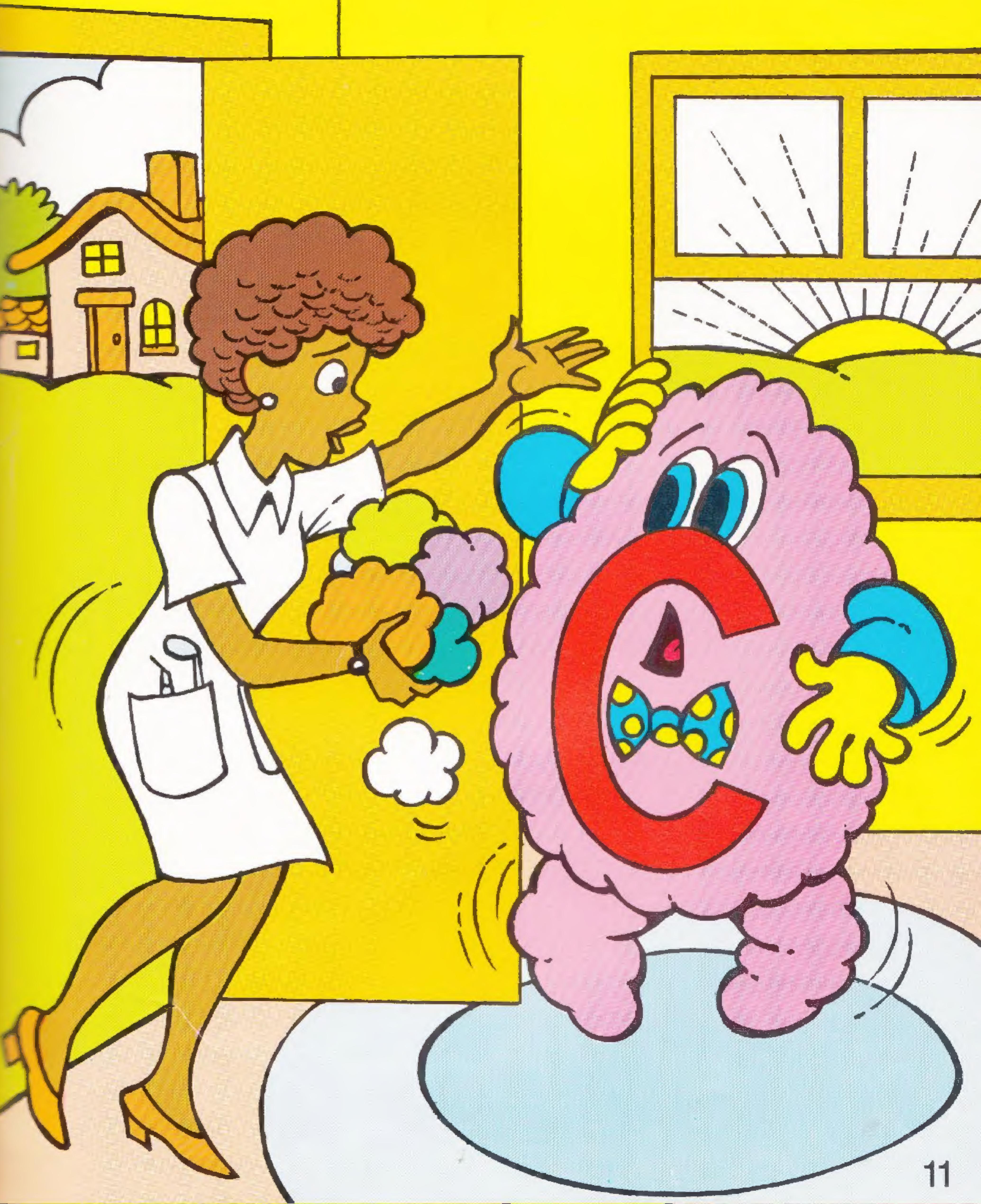
He carries the cotton-candy cone in his beak and flies away.

Before Mr. C awakens, Corky comes home.

Quietly, he locks the cone in the closet.



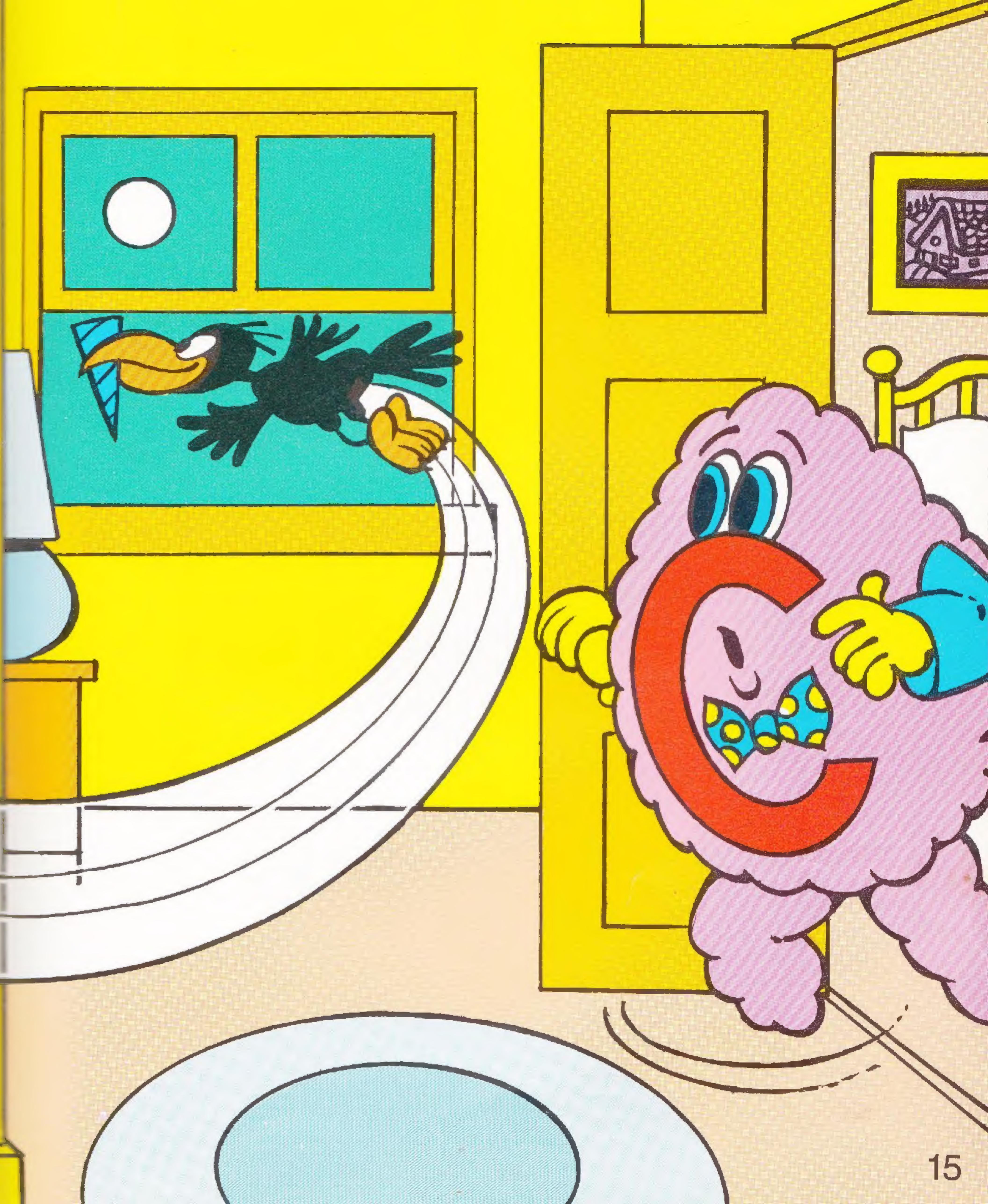
Every night Corky Crow flies away, carrying the cone.  
Mr. C does not know what Corky is doing.  
Until, one morning, Cathy comes to visit Mr. C.  
"Mr. C," she says, "you have broken your promise.  
Every morning there are pieces of cotton candy flying  
all over Letter People Land."  
Mr. C is very surprised.  
"I have not made any cotton candy," he says.



"Look, Cathy," says Mr. C, unlocking the closet door.  
"My cotton-candy cone is always locked in this closet."  
"Does anyone know where you keep the key?" asks Cathy.  
"Did you teach anyone the magic words?"  
"Yes," answers Mr. C very slowly.  
"There is someone."



That night Mr. C pretends he's asleep.  
Soon he hears the closet door opening.  
Mr. C rushes into the room.  
He sees Corky flying out through the window.  
The cotton-candy cone is in Corky's beak.  
"How can I follow Corky," says Mr. C.  
"I cannot fly."  
Suddenly, Mr. C thinks of a plan.



The next morning, Mr. C gets his cotton-candy cone.  
Very quietly, he says, "Canna, canna, coo, coo."  
Cotton candy pops out of the cone.  
Mr. C pulls the cotton candy apart.  
He makes many tiny balls.  
Then he puts the sticky balls all over the cone.  
He locks the cone in the closet.  
"Now I will be able to follow Corky," smiles Mr. C.



That night, when Corky carries the cone, he does not see the cotton-candy balls.

One by one, the cotton-candy balls fall from the cone.  
Soon there is a long trail of cotton-candy balls.

Mr. C gets into his car.

He follows the cotton-candy trail.



Suddenly, Mr. C sees birds everywhere.  
He hears, "Canna, canna, coo, coo."  
He sees Corky giving cotton candy to a bird.  
The bird cannot carry all the cotton candy.  
Pieces drop from its beak and blow all over Letter  
People Land.  
"Corky does not know the cone only makes child-size pieces," thinks Mr. C.  
"Those pieces are too large for a bird to carry."



Mr. C watches Corky.

Corky gives too much cotton candy to one bird after another.

Pieces drop from their beaks.

Cotton candy blows all over Letter People Land.

Finally, Mr. C drives home and waits for Corky.

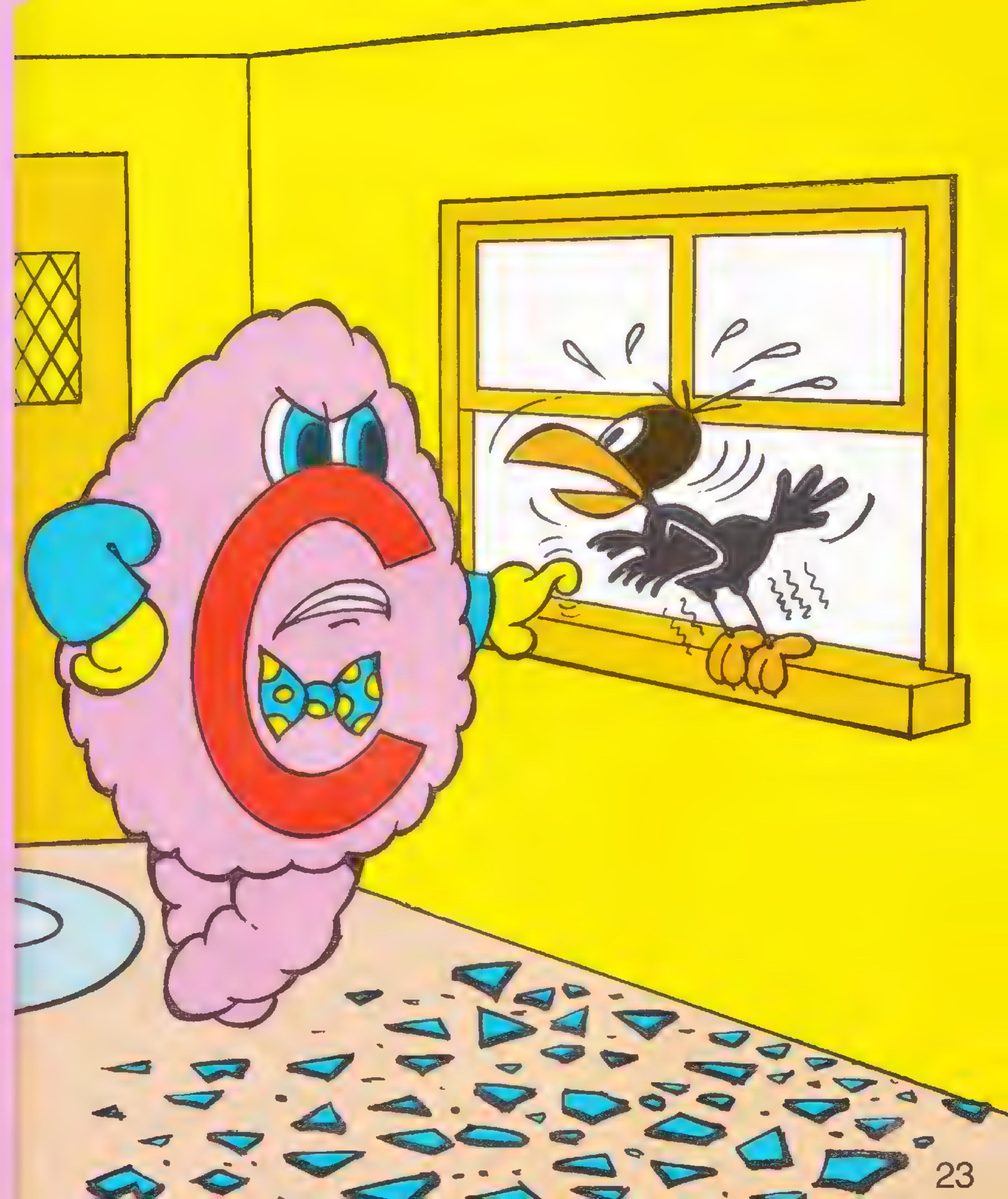
Soon Corky flies in through the window.

Corky is startled to see Mr. C.

He drops the cone.

The cone crashes to the floor.

It breaks into hundreds of pieces.



Corky starts to cry.

"I'm disappointed in you," says Mr. C.

"It is wrong for you to take my cotton-candy cone.

The cone does not belong to you.

I trusted you.

I taught you the magic words."

"I am sorry," cries Corky.

"I couldn't stop making cotton candy."



"Corky," says Mr. C, "I want to make cotton candy, too.  
But I don't want children's teeth to have cavities."

"I only make cotton candy for the birds," says Corky.

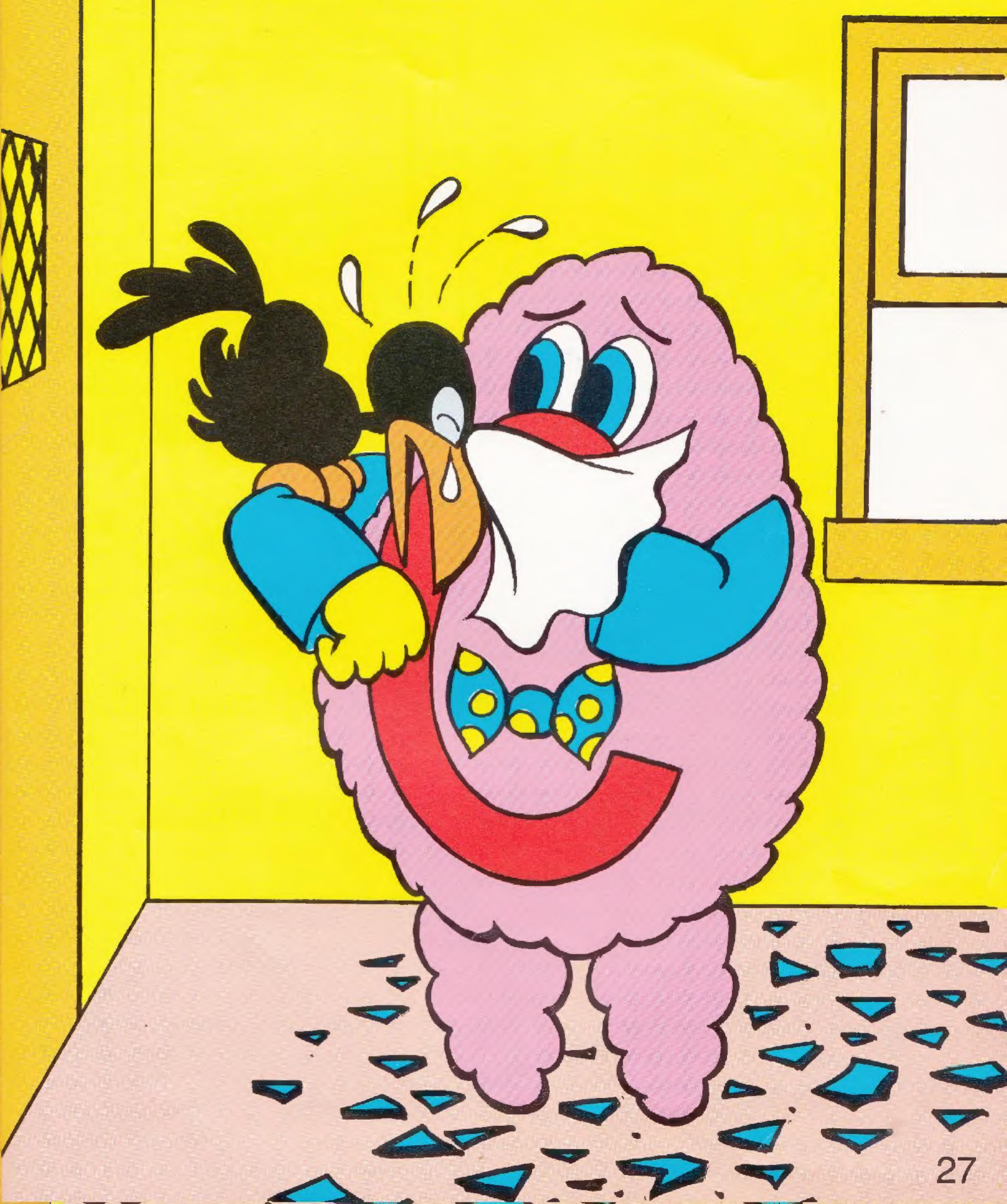
"Birds do not have teeth."

"I never thought of that," says Mr. C.

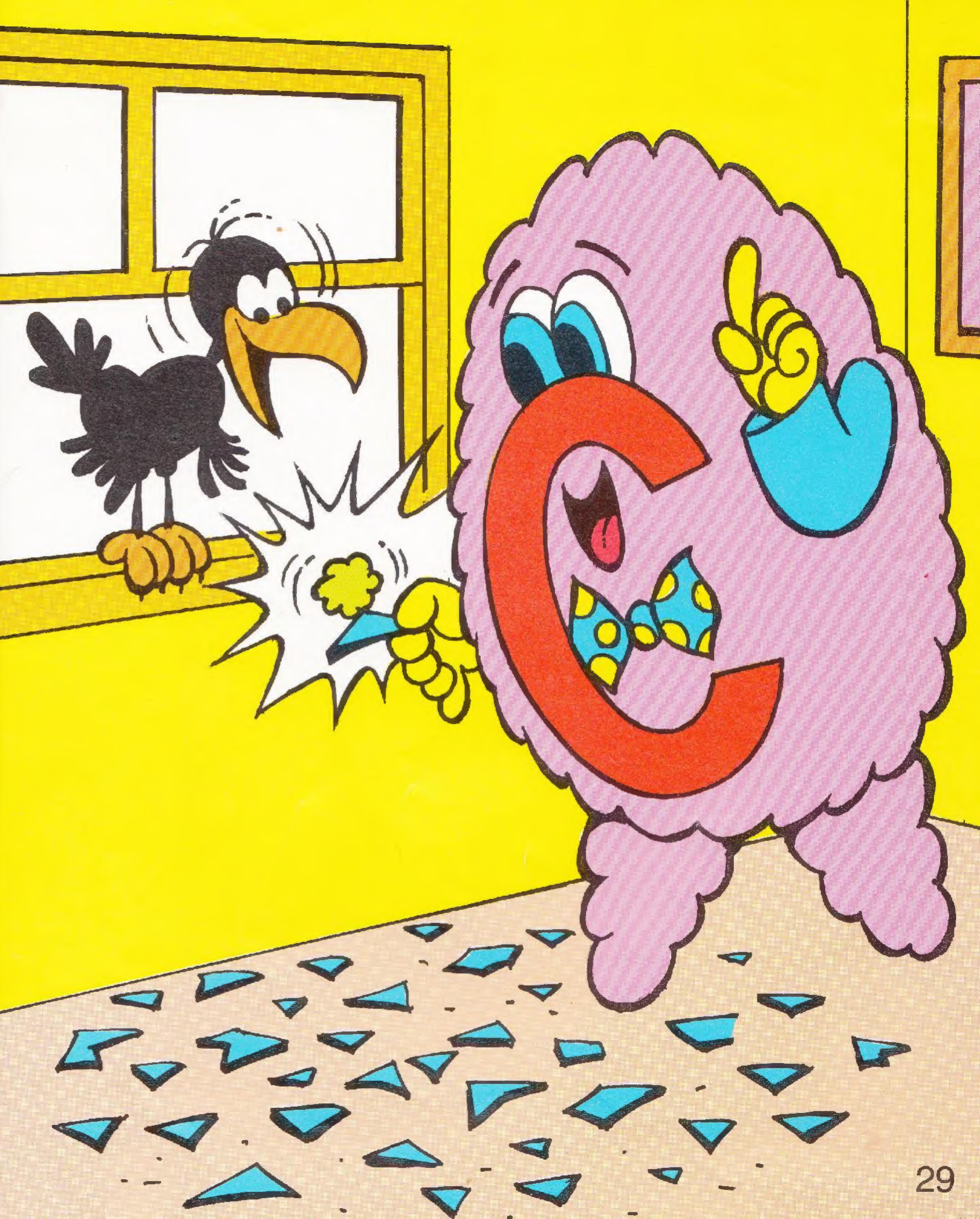
"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried," says Corky.

"You wouldn't listen."



Mr. C forgives Corky.  
In fact, Mr. C has an idea.  
He picks up a piece of the broken cone.  
“Canna, canna, coo, coo,” he says.  
Slowly a teenie-tiny piece of cotton candy appears.  
“Look, Corky,” says Mr. C.  
“This is a perfect bird-size piece of cotton candy.  
Birds can carry this size without dropping cotton candy  
all over Letter People Land.  
Corky, you may make cotton candy for the birds.”



Now Corky Crow flies away to meet the birds every day.  
Often Mr. C and the children go with him.  
Everyone holds a piece of the broken cone and makes  
cotton candy.

However, it is only for the birds.

Birds cannot get cavities.

